MELOPEÏA SACRA

or a Collection of

PSALMS and HYMNS

BY

M.r Addison and S.r John Denham &c.

Set to Musick

In a new Method

BY

Andrew Roner Gent

SECOND VOLUME.

A TABLE OF THE HYMNS and PSALMS

Contain'd in the SECOND VOLUME.

	Page
O Lord, receive my doleful Cries.	1
Lord, why art thou from us ſo far.	5
Ye who from Earth, your Mother, ſpring.	9
Why ſhould the Wicked's Joy perplex.	13
N. B. *This* Aria *may be ſung by a ſingle Voice.*	
To *Iſrael* ſure our God is kind.	17
O clap your Hands with one Accord. / Ye Saints, in your Aſſemblies raiſe.	21
So God let all the Nations raiſe.	24
My Soul to God, her Lord and King	25
When all thy Mercies, Oh my God.	29
The Lord my Paſture ſhall prepare.	33
My Soul, with all thy Faculties.	37
Lord, thou my Ways haſt ſearcht and known.	41
Lord, not in Wrath my Heart deject.	45
Give Thanks to God, the Holy One.	48
N. B. *This* Aria *may be ſung by a ſingle Voice.*	
With Trumpets ſound God's Holy Name.	50
N. B. *This* Aria *may be alſo ſung by a ſingle Voice.*	

Note. *The introducing Baſes of the following Songs are to be play'd but once,* viz. *before the firſt Verſe of every Pſalm or Hymn.*

THE BRITISH MUSEUM

The CII. PSALM.

Tranſlated by Sir *JOHN DENHAM.*

I.

O Lord, receive my doleful Cries!
Nor turn thy Face away:
But look upon my Miſeries,
And hear me when I pray.
When in my Grief I thee invoke,
Make me a quick Return:
For all my Days conſume in Smoke,
My Bones to Aſhes burn.

II.

My Heart like wither'd Graſs ſeems dead,
My Voice is loſt in Groans:
My Fleſh conſum'd for Want of Bread,
And I can count my Bones.
So walks the Pelican diſtreſt,
The Bird of Night ſo ſhrieks:
So the ſad Sparrow from his Neſt,
His loſt Companion ſeeks.

III.

All Day my Foe renews his Threat,
Againſt my Life he ſwears:
Aſhes inſtead of Bread I eat,
And mix my Drink with Tears.
Only in Wrath Thou didſt me raiſe,
To throw me down again;
I like a Shadow end my Days,
Like Graſs that thirſts for Rain.

IV.

All Ages Thee, O Lord, ſhall know,
And ne'er thy Name forget,
Thy Mercy to thy *Sion* ſhow,
For Thou the Time haſt ſet.
Thy Servants love her very Duſt,
Her Ruins they deplore:
The Heathen then in God ſhall truſt,
And Kings ſhall him adore.

V.

When *Sion* from the Duſt ſhall riſe,
Thy Glory ſhall appear:
Then ſhall thou not our Prayers deſpiſe,
But our Complaints ſhalt hear.
This after-Ages ſhall record
To Nations yet unborn:
How from high Heaven to Earth our Lord
His glorious Eye did turn;

VI.

To hear the fetter'd Captive's Prayer,
And him from Death redeem;
His Name to worſhip, and declare
In high *Jeruſalem.*
But when their ſolemn Vows to pay
Th' Aſſembly did appear;
My Strength was broken in the Way,
My Days contracted were.

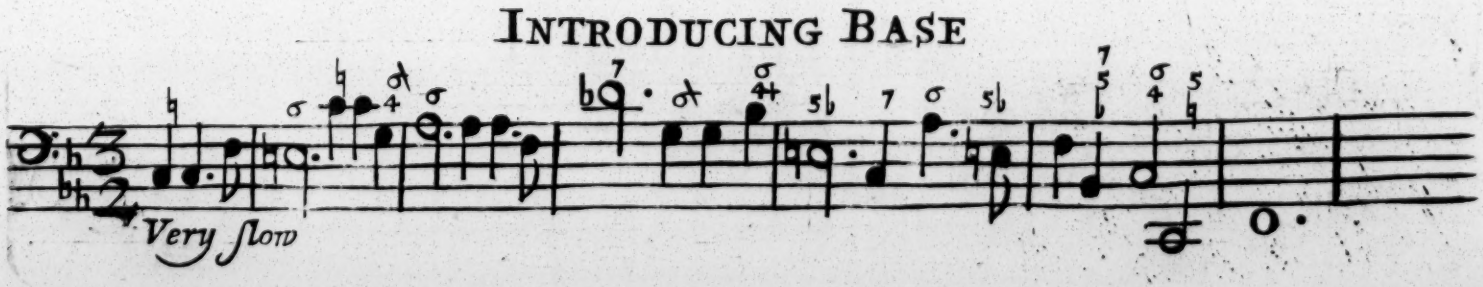
VII.

My Life, ſaid I, Lord, do not end,
E'er half my Days are paſt:
Thy Years for evermore extend,
Beyond all Time they laſt.
The Earth's Foundation thou didſt lay,
Thou didſt the Skies unfold.
Thou ſhalt endure; they wear away,
And grow, like Garments, old.

VIII.

Tho' like a Veſture they are chang'd,
God ſtill the ſame ſhall be.
Thy Children ſhall not be eſtrang'd,
But ſtill confirm'd by Thee.

INTRODUCING BASE



Translated by Sir John Denham

Slow

O Lord receive my doleful Crys, nor turn thy Face, nor turn thy

Face away, but look upon my Miſerys, and hear me, and hear me when I pray.

When in my Grief I Thee invoke, make me a quick Return, For all my

Days conſume in Smoke, my Bones to Aſhes burn, my Bones to Aſh-es burn.

For all my Days conſume in Smoke, my Bones to aſhes burn, my Bones to

aſhes burn.

Turn over to the Ritornel

Slow

for the FLUTE

Ritornel

Very Slow

The X. PSALM.

Tranſlated by Sir *JOHN DENHAM.*

I.

LORD, why art thou from us ſo far,
While we in great Afflictions are?
Thy Face from us why doſt thou hide,
Chas'd by the Wicked's Rage and Pride?
Let them in thoſe Deſigns be loſt
Themſelves have laid, who vainly boaſt
Their Heart's at Eaſe, and fill'd with Stores,
Yet covet more which God abhors.

II.

His Countenance is rais'd ſo high,
His ſoaring Thoughts ev'n God defy:
He thinks, as far remov'd he is
From God's Regard, as God from his.
Puffs at his Foes, and ſays, his State
Is ſafe above the Pow'r of Fate;
With Blaſphemy his Mouth is fill'd,
His Tongue in Lies and Miſchief skill'd.

III.

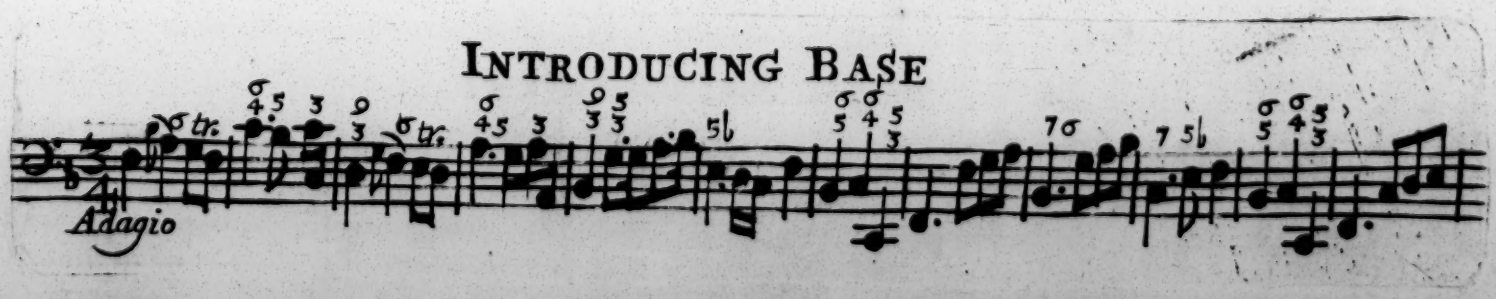
And as the watchful Lion lies
In Covert cloſe, his Prey to ſeize,
He in his lurking Places ſits,
'Till o'er the Poor he draws his Nets:
Puts on Humility's Diſguiſe,
'Till the Deceiv'd he can ſurprize;
Thinks of ſuch Things God takes no Care,
Or they by him forgotten are.

IV.

Lift up thy Hand, O Lord, and riſe;
To thee for Aid the humble cries.
The Wicked ſay, thou mind'ſt not them;
And in thy Poor, they thee contemn.
But thou behold'ſt ~~thy~~ *their* cruel Spite,
And all their Malice will requite.
To thee the Poor flies in Diſtreſs,
And thou wilt help the Fatherleſs.

V.

Lord, ſo deſtroy this wicked Race,
That nor their Name remain, nor Place!
The Heathen of the Land are ſlain,
But God eternally ſhall reign.
Prepare our Hearts, and then thy Ear
Freely our humble Cries will hear:
Nor ſhall the Orphans and Diſtreſt
By Earthly Man be more oppreſt.



THE X PSALM

Translated by Sir John Denham

Lord why art thou from us so far, While we in great Affliction

are? Thy Face from us why doſt thou hide, Chaſ'd by the Wick-

-eds Rage and Pride! Let them in thoſe Deſigns be loſt, Themſelves have

laid Who vainly boaſt. Their Hearts at Eaſe and fill'd with ſtores,

Yet covet more which God abhors. Their Hearts at Eaſe and

fill'd with ſtores, Yet co-vet more which God abhors. Yet co-

-vet more which God abhors.

Turn over to the Ritornel

Ritornel

Piano

Piano

Piano

for the
FLUTE

The XCVI. PSALM.

Tranſlated by Sir *JOHN DENHAM.*

I.

YE who from Earth, your Mother, ſpring,
New Songs to your Creator ſing!
His high Salvation, Day to Day,
His Name and Honour ſhall diſplay.
His Wonders to the People ſhow!
His Glory let the Heathen know!
The Lord is great, and greatly prais'd,
His Pow'r above all Gods is rais'd.

II.

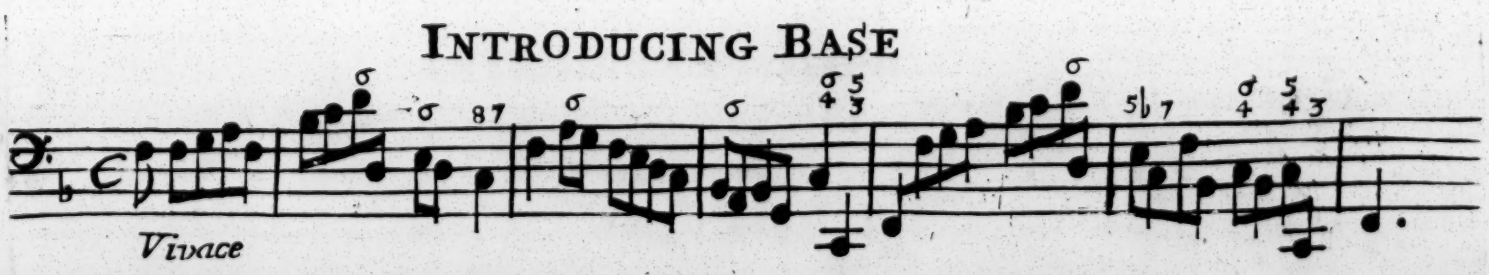
Theſe but from Men their Being take;
Our God did Man and Angels make.
Pow'r, Honour, Majeſty Divine,
In his pure Sanctuary ſhine.
Thro' all the Earth let ev'ry Tribe
Glory and Strength to God aſcribe!
His Honour and his Wonders ſing,
And to his Courts their Off'rings bring!

III.

In pure and beauteous Holineſs,
Let all the World his Fear expreſs.
May to the Heathen this be known,
That the Almighty reigns alone.
Nor ſhall the Earth's Foundations move,
Till they his righteous Judgments prove,
Then Heaven and Earth ſhall both rejoice,
And the Ocean join its roaring Voice.

IV.

Then ev'ry Fruit ſhall joyful be,
Fruits of the Field, and of the Tree.
His Judgments to all Nations come,
Who from his Mouth receive their Doom.



Translated by Sir John Denham

Ye who from Earth your Mother Spring, New Songs to your Creator,
Sing; His high Salvation, Day to Day, His Name and Honour shall display.
His Wonders to the People shew, His Glory let the Heathen know; The Lord is
great and greatly praiſ'd, His Pow'r above all Gods is raiſ'd. The Lord is great &
greatly praiſ'd, His Pow'r above all Gods is raiſ'd. His Pow'r above all Gods is
raiſ'd.

Turn over to the Ritornel

for the
FLUTE

II

Ritornel

Piano *Forte*

Piano *Forte*

Piano *Forte*

The XXXVII. PSALM.

Tranſlated by Mr. *ADDISON.*

I.

WHY ſhou'd the Wicked's Joy perplex?
Or thee his proſp'rous Greatneſs vex?
He like the wither'd Herb ſhall paſs,
And be cut down like Summer-Graſs.
Truſt in the Lord, obſerve his Will;
This Crop ſhall Thee with Plenty fill:
And if thy Soul in him delight,
He'll ſatisfy her Appetite.

II.

To Him thy Purpoſes preſent,
Who gives 'em the deſir'd Event.
Thy Righteouſneſs ſhall ſhine like Day,
Thy Judgment like the Morning Ray.
With Patience wait on God; nor fret
Thy ſelf, that Vice grows rich and great,
From ſudden Paſſions ſtand exempt,
For they to evil Actions tempt.

III.

The Wicked does ſo quickly paſs,
We neither ſee the Time, nor Place.
His Place the Righteous ſhall poſſeſs,
And there enjoy abundant Peace.
The Wicked with the Righteous claſh,
And their ſharp Teeth againſt them gnaſh:
But God does at their Follies ſcoff,
When his quick Vengeance takes them off.

IV.

Their Swords are drawn, their Bows are bent;
All Art's to ſlay the Innocent.
Their Bows ſhall break, their Hearts ſhall feel
The Stroke of their own piercing Steel.
A little with the juſt goes well,
And ſhall the Wicked's Wealth excell.

PART II.

V.

God's ſtrength the ſtrong ones Arms ſhall break,
And his right Hand ſupport the Weak.
The Lord well knows the Upright's Days,
His Heritage for ever ſtays.
They in ill times no Danger dread,
In Famine they ſhall want no Bread.
As Flames the Fat of Rams conſume,
The Wicked vaniſh into Fume.

VI.

The Wicked borrows, and deceives;
The merciful both lends, and gives.
Th' Earth by the Juſt ſhall be enjoy'd.
While thence the Wicked are deſtroy'd.
The juſt Man's Ways are ſtraight and right,
And in his Paths God takes delight.
When good Men fall, they riſe again;
For God's ſtrong Hand does them ſuſtain.

VII.

I have been young, and now am old,
Yet never did the Juſt behold,
No, nor his Race with Want oppreſt;
His Seed is by his Bounty bleſt.
Fly from what's ill, what's good approve;
Then reſt, for God does Juſtice love.
The righteous Man for ever lives,
The Wicked's Spoils God to him gives.

VIII.

Wiſdom the righteous Tongue imparts,
Becauſe God's Laws has fill'd their Hearts.
They ſhall not ſlide or loſe their Way,
While them the Wicked ſeek to ſlay.
God will redeem them from their Hand;
Nor they, when judg'd, condemn'd ſhall ſtand.
On God wait in his Way, and He
Will let thee their Deſtruction ſee.

IX.

The Wicked I in Pow'r have ſeen,
Spread like a Laurel freſh and green:
He paſt away, and came to nought;
Nor could I find his Place, tho' ſought.
The perfect Man I did attend,
Truth was his Way, and Peace his End:
But the Ungodly's overthrown,
In Root and Branch at once cut down.

X.

God gives in time of Trouble Strength,
Safety to holy Men at length:
From wicked Men he ſaves the Juſt,
Becauſe in him they put their Truſt.

N. B. The xciv^th^ PSALM of Sir *JOHN DENHAM*'s Tranſlation may be alſo ſung to the following Aria.
N. B. The Aria may be performed without the ſinging Baſe.

THE XXXVII PSALM

Translated by Sir John Denham

Why should the Wickeds Joy perplex! Or thee his prosp'rous Greatness

Why should the Wickeds Joy perplex! Or thee his prosp'rous Greatness

vex: He like the wither'd Herb shall pass, & be cut down like Summer Grass. Trust in ye Lord observe his

vex: He like the wither'd Herb shall pass, & be cut down like Summer Grass. Trust in ye Lord observe his

will, This Crop shall thee with Plenty fill, and if thy Soul in him delight, He'll sa_tis_fy her appe-

will, This Crop shall thee with Plenty fill, and if thy Soul in him delight, He'll sa_tis_fy her appe-

_tite. and if thy Soul in him delight, He'll sa_tis_fy her appetite, He'll sa_tis_fy her appetite.

_tite. and if thy Soul in him delight, He'll sa_tis_fy her appetite, He'll sa_tis_fy her appetite.

Turn over to the Ritornel

for the FLUTE

Ritornel

The LXXIII. PSALM.

Translated by Sir *JOHN DENHAM.*

I.

TO *Israel*, sure, our God is kind,
Chiefly to such whose Hearts are pure:
Yet from his Path I had declin'd,
And found my Steps were unsecure;
Observing with an envious Eye,
When wicked Men grow rich and high.

II.

They vigorous are with youthful Health,
From Danger and from Death repriev'd;
Live at their Ease, abound with Wealth,
Nor are like their poor Neighbors griev'd;
Girded with Chains of Pride they are,
And Robes of Violence do wear.

III.

Their Eyes with pamper'd Fatness swell,
They swim and leap in Pleasure's Stream;
Their Boasts of Vice to others tell,
And braving God himself, blaspheme:
Inspir'd from Hell, 'gainst Heaven they talk,
And thro' the World their Maxims walk.

IV.

These Arts the People to 'em draw,
Their Cups are full, the Liquor strong;
As if God neither heard nor saw,
Nor such low Cares to him belong:
Such are th'Ungodly, yet in Peace
They live, and in their Wealth increase.

V.

Then I in vain have cleans'd my Heart,
And wash'd in Innocence my Hands;
For all the Day I feel the Smart,
My Soul each Morning chasten'd stands;
Till I almost became like them:
But then thy Children I condemn.

VI.

This Secret long I sought to know,
But 'twas (alas!) too high for me;
Till to thy Temple I did go,
And now their fatal End I see:
In slippery Stations they are plac'd,
And thence into Destruction cast.

VII.

How swiftly does their Vengeance fly!
They in a Moment's Space are slain;
In such a fearful State they die,
That not their Image does remain:
And they to us no other seem,
Than, to a Man awak'd, his Dream.

VIII.

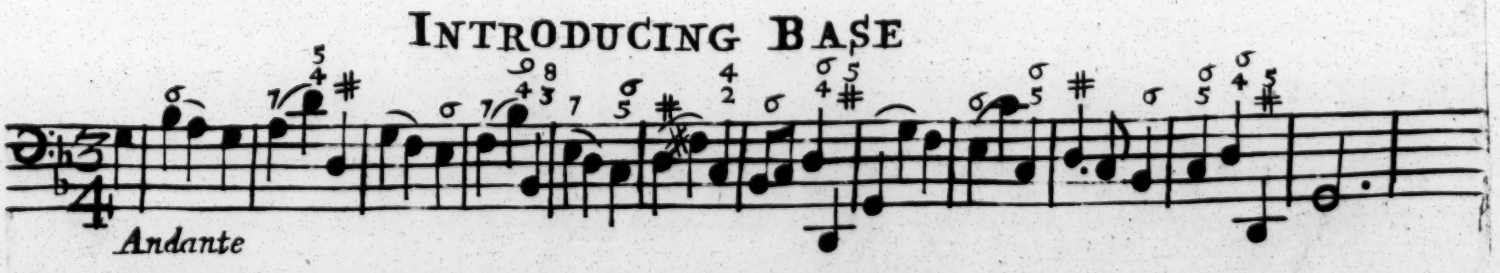
How did it strike my foolish Heart!
I like a Beast confus'd did stand,
Till I descry'd the better Part,
Supported by thy gracious Hand:
With me thy Counsels shall abide,
And to eternal Glory guide.

IX.

What can the Heav'ns to thee compare,
Or Earth, if thou should'st thence depart?
My Heart and Flesh both languid are,
But thou my lasting Portion art.
Let me, my God, by thee stand fast,
For all my Trust in thee is plac'd.

X.

Who other Gods for thee mistake,
Thy Honour they adulterate;
Whoe'er thy Worship do forsake,
Shall their sad Doom participate.
To God my Trust I will draw near,
And in his Courts with Praise appear.



The LXXIII Psalm

Translated by Sir John Denham

To Isr'el *sure, our God is kind, Chiefly to such whose Hearts are pure, Yet*

from his Paths I had declin'd and found my Steps were unsecure, observing

with an Envious Eye when wicked Men grow rich and high. observing with an

Envious Eye, when wicked Men grow rich and high. when wicked Men grow

rich and high, when wicked Men grow rich and high.

Turn over to the Ritornel

for the FLUTE

Ritornel

The XLVII. and CXLIX. PSALMS.

Tranſlated by Sir *JOHN DENHAM.*

I.

O Clap your Hands with one accord!
Praiſe with melodious Notes the Lord!
With Terror he the World commands.
He only gives us Victory,
Under our Feet the Nations lie,
And *Iſrael* ſhall divide their Lands.

II.

Jacob He loves, and will advance,
And ſet out his Inheritance.
Aſcending He in Triumph ſits:
With Trumpets to our King rejoice,
With Underſtanding raiſe your Voice;
To his Commands the World ſubmits.

III

Exalted on his ſacred Throne,
He o'er the Heathen reigns alone:
And now the Peoples Leaders yield,
With thoſe of *Abraham*'s God to join;
Whoſe Glory rais'd on high does ſhine,
And guards the World as with a Shield.

I.

YE Saints, in your Aſſemblies raiſe
Your Voice to God, new Songs to ſing;
Let *Iſrael* his Creator praiſe,
And *Sion* magnify her King.
With chearful Timbrels let them dance,
And with their Harps his Praiſe advance.

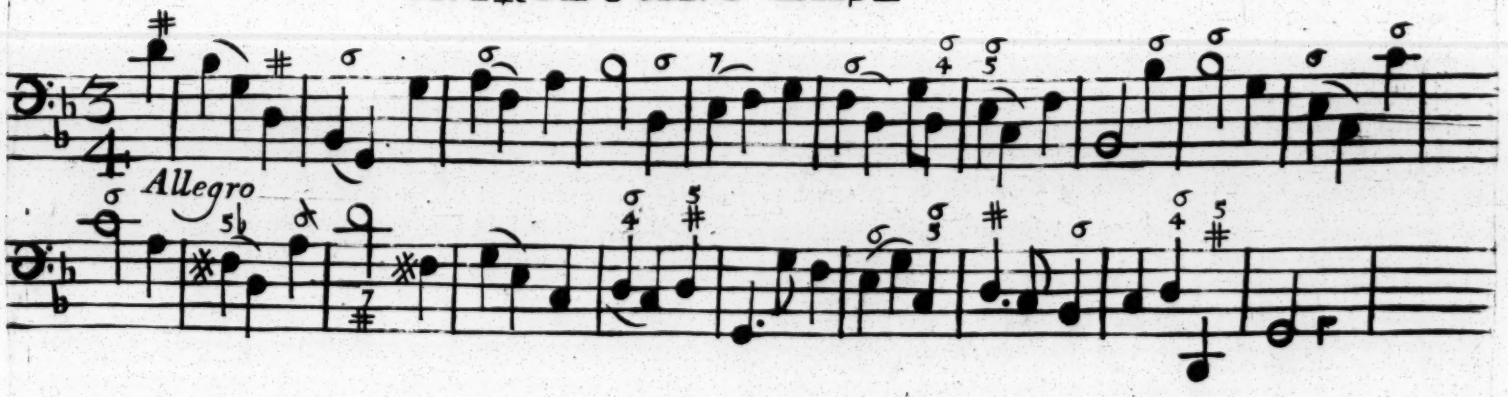
II.

God's People are his Joy, the Meek
With his Salvation ſhall be crown'd:
Then let his Saints his Favour ſeek,
And on their Beds his Name reſound.
Their Mouths ſhall with his Praiſe be fill'd,
Their Hands a two-edg'd Sword ſhall wield,

III.

The Heathen Nations to confound.
In Chains he leads their Captive Kings;
Their Lords in Iron Fetters bound,
Before his Judgment-Seat he brings.
Such Honour, in his ſacred Word,
God gives his Saints. *Praiſe ye the Lord.*

INTRODUCING BASE



THE XLVII PSALM

Translated by Sir John Denham

O Clap your Hands with one Accord, Praise with Melodious Notes ye Lord.

With Terrors he the World Commands, he only gives us Vic_tory, Under our

Feet the Nations lie, and Isr'el shall divide their Lands. Under our Feet ye

Nations lie, and Isr'el shall divide their Lands. and Isr'el shall di_

_vide their Lands.

Turn over to the Ritornel

for the FLUTE

23

Ritornel

tr

Translated by Sir John Denham

Vivace

Introducing Base

To God let all the Nations raise,

their chearfull voice and sing, and sing his Praise. their chearfull

voice and sing, and sing his Praise. His tender Mercy and his Love are

sure, his truth for ever, for ever shall endure. his tender Mercy

and his Love are sure, his truth for ever, his truth for ever, his truth for e- - -

-ver shall endure for e- - - - - -ver shall endure for e- - - - - - -ver shall endure.

his kindness to us we'll record, and will for e-ver, for ever praise the Lord, for

e- - - - -ver praise the Lord, for e- - - - - -ver praise the Lord. To God let

N.B. This Aria may be Play'd upon any Instrument instead of a Ritornel

Da Capo al Segno

The CXLVI. PSALM.

Tranſlated by Sir *JOHN DENHAM.*

I.

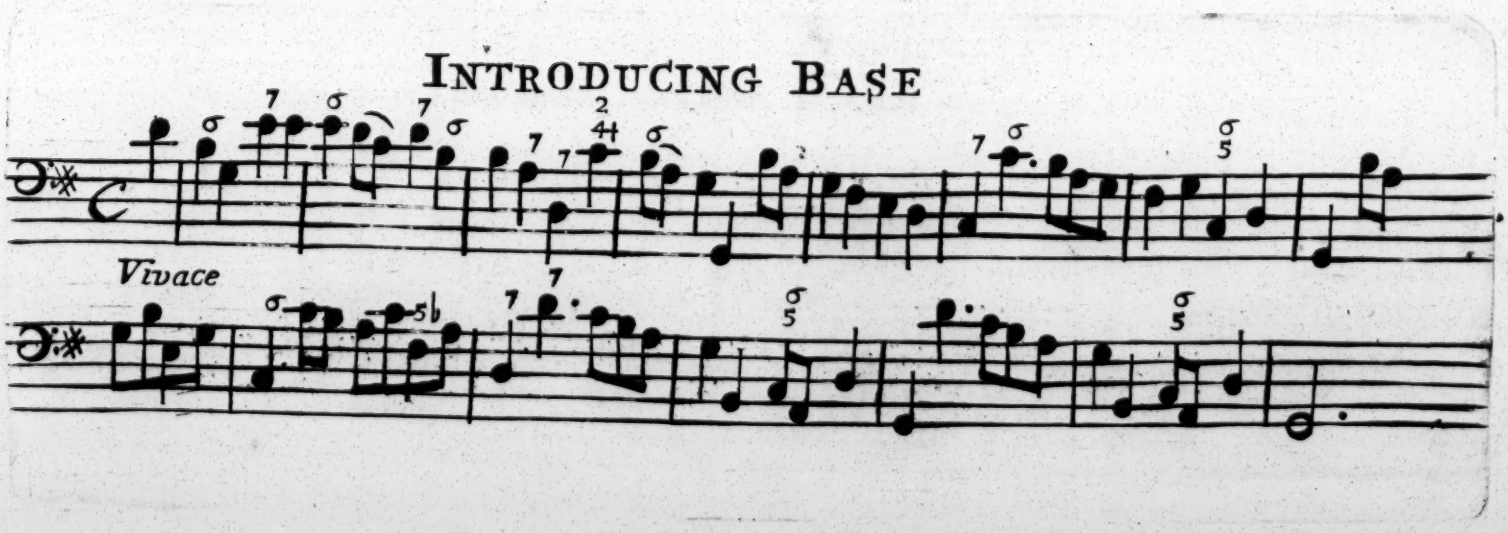
MY Soul to God, her Lord and King,
Whilſt ſhe has Life, ſhall ſing;
Thy Truſt, in none of human Race,
No not in Princes place.
For when theſe ſhall to Duſt retire,
Their baffled Thoughts with them expire:
But he whoſe Hope on God does reſt,
Shall be for ever bleſt.

II.

God is by Heaven and Earth ador'd,
Becauſe he keeps his Word;
His Mercy ſtill relieves th' Oppreſt,
And does the Hungry feaſt.
He to the blind reſtores his Eyes,
The ſtrongeſt Captive's Bands unties:
The Poor he raiſes from the Duſt,
And ever loves the Juſt:

III.

He Stranger, Widows, Fatherleſs,
Redeems from ſad Diſtreſs;
But Sinners, in their Ways o'erthrown,
He will turn upſide down.
In *Sion* God will ſtill remain,
And there for ever, ever reign:
Praiſe him who does in *Sion* dwell,
And all his Wonders tell.



THE CXLVI PSALM

Translated by Sir John Denham

My Soul to God, her Lord and King, Whilst she has Life shall sing; Thy

Trust in none of Human Race, No not in Princes place. For when these

shall to Dust retire, Their baffled Thoughts with them expire: But

he whose Hope on God does rest, shall be for ever blest, shall be for ever

Piano

blest shall be for ever blest

Turn over to the Ritornel

for the FLUTE

Ritornel

Piano *Forte*

Piano *Forte*

Piano *Forte*

Piano *Forte*

Piano *P.P.*

Piano *P.P.*

A HYMN on Gratitude.

The Words by Mr. *ADDISON.*

I.

When all thy Mercies, O my God,
My riſing Soul ſurveys;
Tranſported with the View; I'm loſt
In Wonder, Love, and Praiſe:
O how ſhall Words with equal Warmth
The Gratitude declare
That glows within my Raviſh'd Heart!
But thou canſt read it there.

II.

Thy Providence my Life ſuſtain'd
And all my Wants redreſt,
When in the ſilent Womb I lay,
And hung upon the Breaſt.
To all my weak Complaints and Cries
Thy Mercy lent an Ear,
E're yet my feeble Thoughts had learnt
To form themſelves in Pray'r.

III.

Unnumber'd Comforts to my Soul
Thy tender Care beſtow'd,
Before my Infant Heart conceiv'd
From whom thoſe Comforts flow'd.
When in the ſlipp'ry Paths of Youth
With heedleſs Steps I ran,
Thine Arm unſeen convey'd me ſafe
And led me up to Man;

IV.

Thro' hidden Dangers, Toils, and Deaths,
It gently clear'd my Way,
And through the pleaſing Snares of Vice,
More to be fear'd than they.
When worn with Sickneſs oft haſt Thou
With Health renew'd my Face,
And when in Sins and Sorrows ſunk
Reviv'd my Soul with Grace.

V.

Thy bounteous Hand with worldly Bliſs
Has made my Cup run o'er,
And in a kind and faithful Friend
has doubled all my Store.
Ten thouſand thouſand precious Gifts
My daily Thanks employ,
Nor is the leaſt a chearful Heart,
That taſtes thoſe Gifts with Joy.

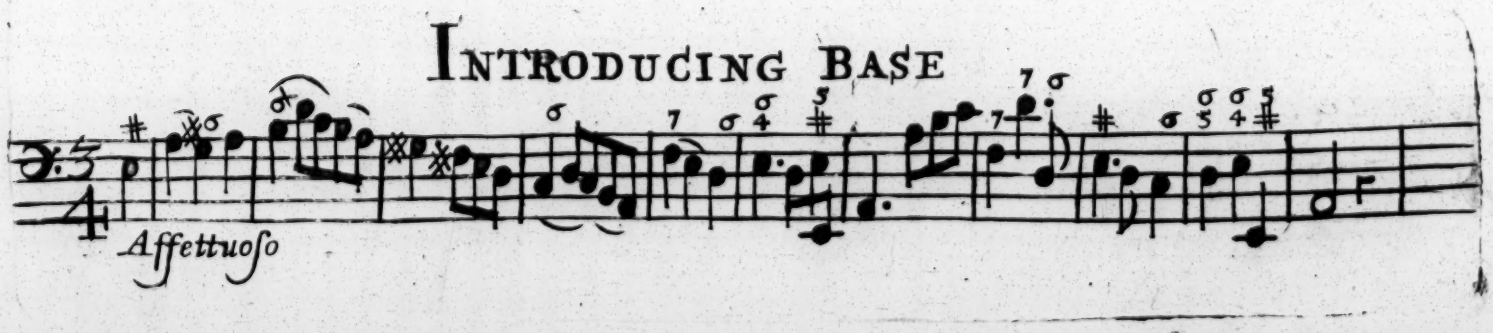
VI.

Through ev'ry Period of my Life
Thy Goodneſs I'll purſue,
And after Death in diſtant Worlds
The glorious Theme renew.
When Nature fails, and Day and Night
Divide thy Works no more,
My Ever-grateful Heart, O Lord,
Thy Mercy ſhall adore.

VII.

Through all Eternity to Thee
A joyful Song I'll raiſe,
For oh! Eternity's too ſhort
To utter all thy Praiſe.

N. B. The xxxix^th^ PSALM of Sir *JOHN DENHAM* may be alſo ſung to this Aria.



A Hymn

The Words by Mr Addiſon

When all thy Mercies O my God, My ri-ſing Soul ſurveys: Tran-

-ſported with the View I'm loſt, in Wonder, Love and Praiſe. O

how ſhall Words with e-qual Warmth, the Gra-ti-tude declare: that

glows within my ra-viſhd Heart, but thou canſt read it there, that

glows within my ra-viſhd Heart, but thou canſt read it there, but

thou canſt read it there.

Turn over to the Ritornel

for the
FLUTE

Ritornel

The XXIII. PSALM.

A PASTORAL HYMN.

The Words by Mr. *ADDISON.*

I.

THE Lord my Paſture ſhall prepare,
And feed me with a Shepherd's Care:
His Preſence ſhall my Wants ſupply,
And guard me with a watchful Eye:
My Noon-day Walks he ſhall attend,
And all my Midnight Hours defend.

II.

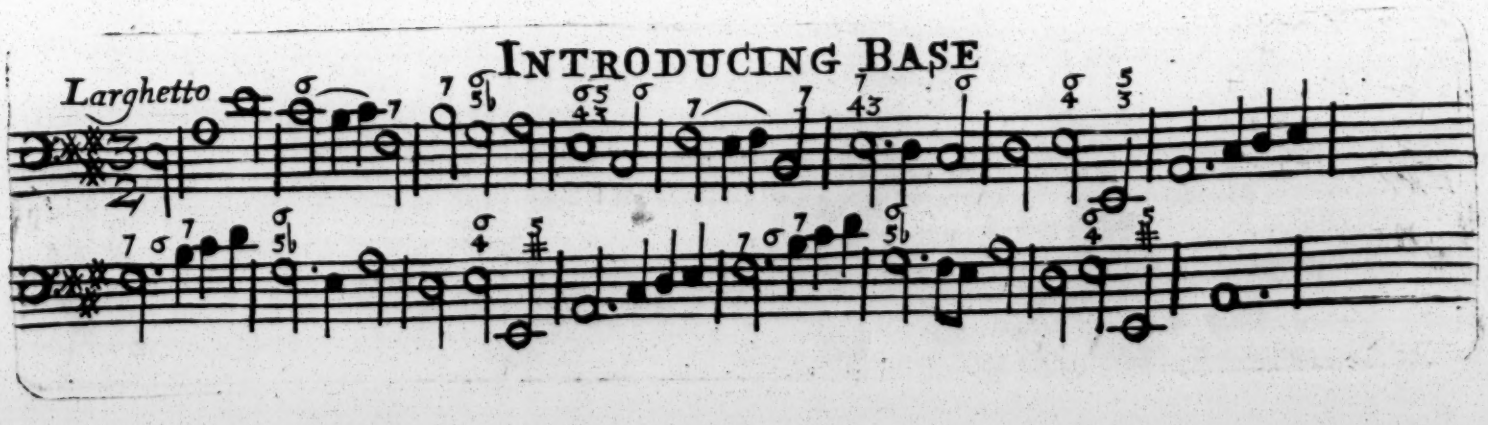
When in the ſultry Glebe I faint,
Or on the thirſty Mountain pant;
To fertile Vales and dewy Meads,
My weary wand'ring Steps he leads;
Where peaceful Rivers ſoft and ſlow,
Amid the verdant Landskip flow,

III.

Tho' in the Paths of Death I tread,
With gloomy Horrors over-ſpread;
My ſteadfaſt Heart ſhall fear no Ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me ſtill;
Thy friendly Crook ſhall give me Aid,
And guide me through the dreadful Shade.

IV.

Tho' in a bare and rugged Way,
Through devious lonely Wilds I ſtray,
Thy Bounty ſhall my Pains beguile:
The barren Wilderneſs ſhall ſmile
With ſudden Greens and Herbage crown'd,
And Streams ſhall murmur all around.



The XXIII Psalm

A Pastoral Hymn *by* Mr Addison

The Lord my Pa_sture shall prepare, and feed me with a

Shep_herds care. His Pre_sence shall my wants sup_ply, and

guard me with a watch_full Eye, my Noon day Walks he

will at_tend, and all my Mid_night Hours de_fend.

Piano

and all my Mid_night Hours de_fend.

Turn over to ye Ritornel

for the
FLUTE

Ritornel

f

Piano

Piano

The CIII. PSALM.

Tranſlated by Sir *JOHN DENHAM.*

I.

MY Soul, with all thy Facultys
Rejoice, and magnify the Lord:
Thine, and my Body's Maladys,
His healing hand to Health reſtor'd.
He has redeem'd me from the Dead,
His Love and Mercy crown'd my Head.

II.

His Daintys ſute our Appetites,
Our Youth, as th' Eagle's, he renews:
He the Oppreſs'd with Juſtice rights,
Th' Oppreſſor his Revenge purſues.
His Ways to *Moſes* once were ſhown,
His mighty Acts to *Iſrael* known.

III.

His plenteous Mercys long abide,
And his ſhort Anger he retards:
Nor does he always frown or chide,
Nor like our Sins are our Rewards.
As far as Heaven o'er Earth extends,
So far his Grace our Crimes tranſcends.

IV.

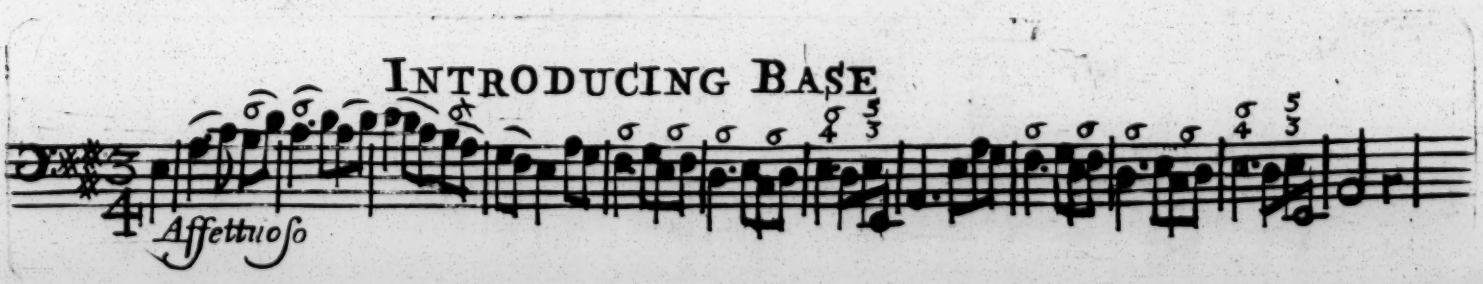
As far from us has he remov'd
Our pardon'd Sins, as Eaſt from Weſt.
As Children by their Father lov'd;
So they who fear his Name are bleſt.
For He our Frailty knows, who muſt
Return, from whence we came, to Duſt.

V.

Man's Days are like a Flow'r or Graſs,
Which ſmitten by the blaſting Wind,
Within an Hour to nothing paſs,
Neither the Thing or Place we find.
But all his Children, and their Race,
His laſting Mercy ſhall embrace.

VI.

For ſuch as have obey'd his Will,
Celeſtial Thrones He does prepare:
Angels, who his Commands fulfil,
Ye heavenly Hoſts his Praiſe declare.
Let all his Works his Power expreſs,
And Thou, my Soul, thy Maker bleſs.



THE CIII PSALM

Translated by Sir John Denham

My Soul, with all thy Facultys, Rejoyce and magnify the Lord: Thine, and my Body's

Maladys, His healing Hand to Health restor'd. He has redeem'd me from the

Dead, His Love and Mercy Crown'd my Head. He has re-deem'd me

from the Dead, His Love and Mercy Crown'd my Head. His Love and Mercy

Piano

Crown'd my Head, His Love and mercy Crown'd my Head.

Turn over to the Ritornel

for the
FLUTE

Piano

Ritornel

Piano

Piano

The CXXXIX. PSALM.

Translated by Sir *JOHN DENHAM.*

I.

LORD, thou my Ways haſt ſearcht and known,
My Riſing up, my Sitting down;
To thee are my Conceptions brought,
E'er they are form'd into a Thought.
My idle Words thou doſt condemn,
Before my Lips have faſhion'd them;
On every Part thy Hand's impos'd;
Behind, before, has me inclos'd.

II.

Such Knowledge is for me too High;
From thee O whither ſhall I fly!
If up to Heaven, Thou there doſt dwell;
And if my Bed I lay in Hell,
I ſhou'd not ſcape thy piercing Eye.
If on the Morning's Wings I fly,
Or th' Ocean's untrac'd Paths ſhou'd tread;
With thy right Hand I ſhou'd be led.

III.

If I my Head in Night involve,
Thy Light the Darkneſs wou'd diſſolve;
Ev'n Day and Night are but one Name,
For both to Thee appear the ſame.
Nor Reins nor Heart cou'd Thee eſcape,
Thou in the Womb my Form didſt ſhape;
So marvelouſly I was made,
E'en of my ſelf I ſtand afraid.

IV.

For this, my Soul, which knows ſo well
Thy wondrous Works, thy Praiſe ſhall tell.
My Subſtance was by Thee ſurvey'd.
When it was firſt in ſecret made.
Thy Hand did free, with curious Art,
From Imperfection every part;
And ev'ry Member, which had yet
No Being, in thy Book was writ.

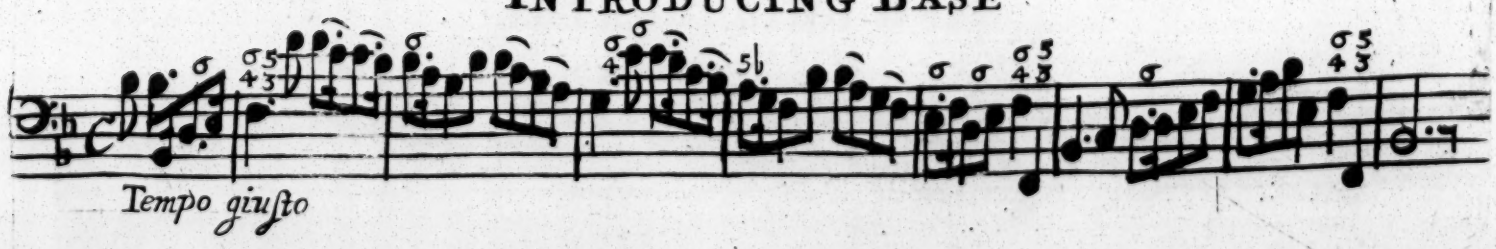
V.

At laſt, to ſhew whoſe Hand it was,
GOD ſtampt HIS Image on the Maſs.
O how thy Thoughts my Soul delight!
The Summ of them is Infinite.
When I to number them wou'd try,
I find they all Accounts outvy;
I ſooner might the Sands explore,
That lie upon the Ocean's Shore:

VI.

Yet they my early Thoughts imploy.
Lord, Thou the Wicked wilt deſtroy;
Such as blaſpheme, and thirſt for Blood,
And thoſe whoſe Counſels thine withſtood.
I hated to the laſt degree
All thoſe, O God, who hated Thee.
Search all my Thoughts; and if they ſtray
From Thee, be Thou their Guide and Way.

INTRODUCING BASE



THE CXXXIX PSALM

Translated by Sir John Denham

Lord thou my Ways hast Searcht and known, my Rising up, my

Sitting down; To thee are my Conceptions brought, E'er they are

form'd into a Thought. My idle Words thou dost condemn, Before my

Lips have fashion'd them, On ev'ry Part thy Hand's impos'd; Behind, be-

-fore, has me inclos'd. :S: *On ev'ry Part thy Hand's impos'd; Behind, be-*

-fore, has me inclos'd. On ev'ry Part thy Hand's impos'd; Behind, be-

-fore, has me inclos'd. Behind, before, has me inclos'd.

Turn over to the Ritornel

Ritornel

for the
FLUTE

The VI. PSALM.

Translated by Sir *JOHN DENHAM.*

I.

LORD! not in Wrath my Heart deject,
Nor in thy Fury me correct!
Oh! pity me, for I am weak,
And fear my Bones so bruis'd will break.

II.

How long, O Lord, shall I be griev'd?
Nor my tormented Soul reliev'd?
Return, Return, and ne'er forsake
My Soul, for thy own Mercy's sake!

III.

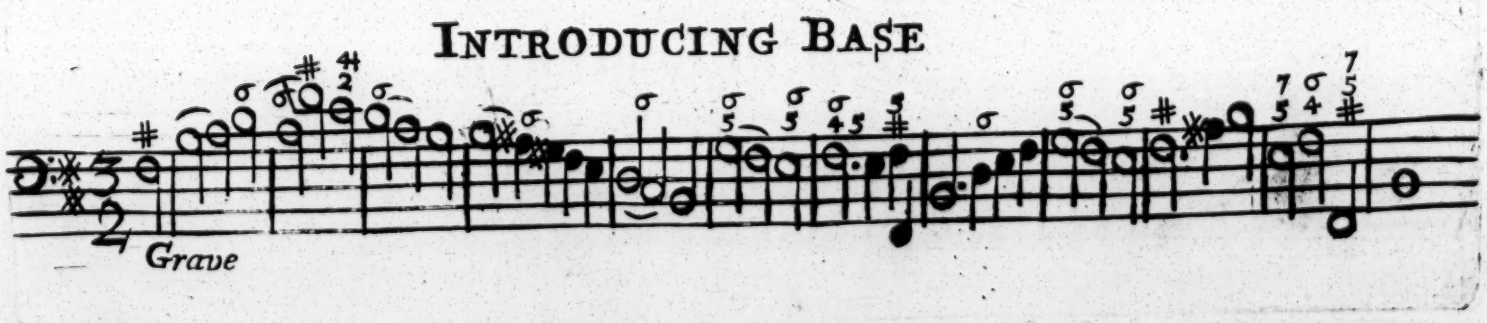
Of Thee, when dead, no sense we have;
For who can praise Thee in the Grave?
Tir'd with my mid-nightGroans, I make
My Bed, with Tears, a briny Lake,

IV.

Where, in my sleep, I seem to swim:
My Eyes with grief grow weak and dim.
Away Profane! The silent Cries
Of humble Tears, God ne'er denies.

V.

The Lord my Supplication hears,
And to my Pray'rs inclines his Ears.
May all my Foes be troubled sore;
And lost in shame, return no more!



THE VI PSALM

Translated by Sir John Denham

Lord not in Wrath my Heart deject, nor in thy Fury me cor-

-rect, Oh pity me for I am Weak, And fear my Bones so

bruis'd will break: Oh pi - ty me for I am Weak, and fear my

Bones so bruis'd will break, and fear my Bones so bruis'd will

break, and fear my Bones so bruis'd will break.

Turn over to the Ritornel

for the
FLUTE

47

Ritornel

Part of the CXXXVI PSALM
Translated by Sir John Denham

Introducing Base

Give thanks to God the Holy one; Give thanks to God who reigns alone.

CHORUS *with Instruments*

Give thanks to God the Holy one; Give thanks to God who reigns alone.

Give thanks to God the Holy one; Give thanks to God who reigns alone.

Give thanks to God the Holy one; Give thanks to God who reigns alone.

His Mercy is for ever sure, and shall from age to age endure.

His Mercy is for ever sure, and shall from age to age endure.

Vio. 1mo

His Mercy is for ever sure, and shall from age to age endure. Vio. 2do

His Mercy is for ever sure, and shall from age to age endure.

His Mercy is for ever sure, and shall from age to age endure.

Repeat Give thanks to God and end with the Chorus

Vio. 1mo.

his mercy is for ever sure, and shall from age to age endure. Vio. 2do. his mercy is for e_ver

his mercy is for e_ver

his mercy is for ever sure, and shall from age to age endure. his mercy is for e_ver

Vio. 1mo.

sure, and shall from age to age endure, and shall from age to age endure. Give thanks

Vio. 2do.

sure, and shall from age to age endure, and shall from age to age endure. as before

sure, and shall from age to age endure. and shall from age to age endure.

Give thanks &c.
as before &c.

After y Chorus end with this Stanza

who reigns, _ _ _ _ _ who reigns who reigns alone. who reigns, _ _ _ _ who reigns who reigns alone.

who reigns, _ _ _ _ who reigns who reigns alone. who reigns, _ _ _ who reigns who reigns alone.

who reigns, who reigns who reigns alone. who reigns, who reigns who reigns alone.

Cho. Give Thanks to God of Kings the King,
From whom great Wonders only Spring:
Give Thanks to God of Kings the King &c.
His Mercy is for ever sure,
And shall from Age to Age endure.

N.B. A Trumpet may play the First Treble in the Chorus

Chorus Give Thanks to God of Kings the King &c
His Mercy is &c
Give Thanks to God the Holy one;
Give Thanks to God who reigns alone.
Give Thanks to God the Holy one;
Give Thanks to God who reigns alone
Who reigns who reigns alone

THE CXL PSALM

Translated by Sir John Denham

Tutti

Obue

Symphony

Vio.

Tutti

Aria

With

Trumpets sound God's Holy Name, Gods Pow'r and Glorious works proclaim, your great and lesser

Cymballs ring let all his Praises sing. your great and lesser Cymballs ring, let all his Praises sing.

Chorus

With Trumpets sound God's Ho-ly Name, Gods Pow'r and Glorious works proclaim, your great and lesser

With Trumpets sound God's Pow'r and Glorious works proclaim, your great and lesser

With Trumpets sound God's works proclaim, your great and lesser

Obue

Vio.

Cymballs ring let all His Praises sing. *your great & lesser Cymballs ring let*

Cymballs ring let all His Praises sing. *your great & lesser Cymballs ring let*

Cymballs ring let all His Praises sing. *let*

Obue

all His Praises sing. *your great & lesser Cymballs ring let all his Praises sing. let all His Praises sing.*

all His Praises sing. *your great & lesser Cymballs ring, let all his Praises sing. let all His Praises sing*

all His Praises sing. *your great & lesser Cymballs ring, let all his Praises sing. let all His Praises sing*

To Harp to Lute to Viols dance, Let all who breathe His Praise advance. To Harp to Lute to Viols dance,

To Harp to Lute to Viols dance Let all who breathe His Praise advance. To Harp to Lute to Viols dance,

With Trumpets sound, with Trumpets sound Let all His Praise advance. To Harp to Lute to Viols dance, Let

With Trumpets sound Let all His Praise advance. To Harp to Lute to Viols dance, Let

Let all His Praise advance.

all who breathe His Praise advance. To Harp to Lute to Viols dance, with Trumpets sound, let

all who breathe His Praise advance. To Harp to Lute to Viols dance, with Trumpets sound, let

with Trumpets sound, let

all His Praise advance. To With Trumpets sound Let all His Praise advance.

all His Praise advance. To With Trumpets sound, Let all His Praise advance.

all His Praise advance. With Trumpets sound, Let all His Praise advance.

Adagio

Symphony

Piano

Vivace

Symphony

Piano

BRITISH
23 JY 81
MUSEUM

B. 353